

# MEMORIAL DAY



FIGHTING HIS BATTLES O'ER AGAIN.

# A REUNION IDYL.

By Belle Maglates

"Never mind! He's company and it'll please your pa; besides, here's the summer nearly over and you haven't had the worth of your best dress!"

Eloise sighed as she listlessly attired herself in a dainty summer frock. Two years at boarding school and a two months' visit the preceding winter with a school friend who resided in Buffalo had entirely convinced her that the society of Ashley Hill was not to be desired. She recalled the dances, theatres and fire-side confidences she had enjoyed last winter with Leonard Haverly, while visiting her friend. He had been entirely devoted to her until she was called suddenly home by the illness of her mother.

She remembered the look in his handsome eyes as he bade her farewell at the train and the tenderness in his voice when he eagerly asked permission to write to her and begged her to let him know of her safe arrival and her mother's condition. For the first two weeks after her re-

# SOME FACTS ABOUT DOGS

## Only Two New Species Produced in America.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

In spite of the disdainful and patrician expressions on the canine countenances at a modern dog show, indicative of countless generations of social supremacy in the animal kingdom, the actual origin of the dog is more completely shrouded in obscurity than that of any of the domestic animals. Naturalists are still wrangling over his parent stock, arguing that it is almost impossible for the 185 known varieties to be all descended from one kind, whatever it might have been. The world of dog lovers is indebted to America for the production of only two new species.

Best known of these two is the Boston terrier, the little, round headed, brindle bull terrier which is good for nothing except ornamentation. A little more than thirty years ago Robert C. Hooper, of Boston, purchased a nondescript little dog from William O'Brien, also of Boston. The newcomer was a halfbred bull and terrier of the fighting type, dark brindle in color, with a biased face. With this material Mr. Hooper went to work to produce a new type, and by adding a golden color, a milder lip and regulating the marking on the head he at last produced the Boston terrier. This breed is altogether American, but it has been admitted to the shows only during the last ten years. For a long time it was scornfully referred to by the owners of the purer breed as "that little bullet-headed pup from Massachusetts." Whether from patriotism or genuine appreciation, the Boston terrier is now the most popular dog in America, except the collie.

The other dog which America has produced is the Chesapeake Bay retriever, the birth of which is as accidental and even more obscure than the Boston terrier. These dogs are great favorites at the Carroll Island Club, near Baltimore, as they are water retrievers and can be used for duck shooting. General Latrobe, who has charge of the dogs of the Carroll Island Club, gives this story of their origin: "A number of years ago a vessel from Newfoundland ran aground near an estate called Walnut Grove, on the shores of the Chesapeake. The estate belonged to Geo. Law, a member of a well known Maryland family. On board were two Newfoundland dogs, which were given to Mr. Law by the captain in return for his hospitality. The Chesapeake retriever is a cross between those two dogs and the black and tan hounds, or coon dogs of that section." This dog is enormously popular in the West, particularly in Portland, Seattle and other points along the Pacific Coast.

America has done much to push the fad for the modern bulldog, for the world has gone out to dog fanciers of every land that they cannot be too monstrous or distorted to please the judges of an American dog show. Each year their legs get fatter, their spars and their faces uglier, if that is possible. Dog fanciers are now predicting a reaction in bulldog breeding, which shall seek to re-establish the original type of short-nosed mastiff which fought bulls in Spain and England in 1800, then fell into such bad repute in 1835. The first presentable bulldog shown in this country was sent from England in 1860.

General Lafayette sent the first St. Bernard dogs to America. When he came back here in 1824 he met J. F. Skinner, ex-Assistant Postmaster General, who was at that time greatly interested in dogs. With the aid of General Lafayette he brought to America some excellent spaniels, and in 1850 General Lafayette sent him two big St. Bernards. They were the first of their kind that America had seen, and the fad for them was instantaneous. The prices for big dogs of all kinds immediately soared, and as soon as St. Bernards were established the puppies sold for several hundred dollars, and the full grown

dogs were proportionately high priced. Now it is difficult to get \$50 for a St. Bernard puppy, and \$100 is a rare price to get for any of the breed.

It is from this class that all the biggest dogs come. The largest canine in which there is any record was a St. Bernard named Giant Reiter, who measured six and a half feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail and measured thirty-four and a half inches to the top of his shoulder. He was displayed all over the country as the biggest dog in the world. When he is compared with the smallest of all toy dogs, a Mexican poodle, which measures seven inches from tip to tip and weighs only a few ounces, it is indeed cause for wonder if they came from the same parent stock. The Great Dane is a prime favorite with Americans, and there are more of them in this country than of any other one breed. When the Prince of Wales left this continent after his memorable visit he was presented with an enormous Great Dane, the biggest that had ever been seen at that time.

The highly cultivated dogs in this country represent a considerable investment of American capital, and some of the keenest amateur canine kings which are almost priceless. Until 1890, \$1000 was the highest price that had ever been paid for an imported dog. John E. Thayer giving that for a fox terrier, but later Richard Croker bought a white English bull which cost him \$10,000. J. Pierpont Morgan has the finest collection of collies in the world. The collie is undeniably the peer of dogs in America, and has for years enjoyed unchallenged supremacy. Mr. Morgan's kennels contain some of the most perfect specimens of the fancier's art and patience. His exhibits, with those of Samuel Untermyer, of Yonkers, N. Y., are sufficient to crowd the halls of any show.

The toy dogs have never gained the footing here which they maintain in other countries, particularly in France, though some of the very small poodles are constant visitors to the shows. Japanese poodles are perhaps most favored. They were brought here fifty years ago by Commodore Perry when he returned from his expedition to Japan. Dogs are among the things which are indispensable as imperial presents, and among the gifts brought by Commodore Perry from the Mikado to the American President were four little Japanese poodles. They and their children were used as "sleeve dogs," and weighed scarcely two pounds. The cause for dogs being popular gifts among royal persons dates back, it is said, to the time of the Egyptian kings, who used the animals as tribute.

When the fashionable American woman wants to take up a dog fad she adopts some particular breed, preferably a bull terrier or a collie. A prominent New York woman who makes a specialty of bulldogs, and who travels a great deal, had the head of her favorite bulldog painted on all her trunks as a sort of monogram. In New York there is a young woman who paints only portraits of fashionable dogs. She has a beautifully appointed studio, engagements for sittings are booked weeks ahead, and she finds making portraits of these canine aristocrats not only enjoyable, but exceedingly lucrative.

While many new breeds have been produced during the past fifty years, fanciers claim that a perfect dog has never been seen anywhere. It is difficult to understand what the standard is, if a perfect one, has never been produced, but the training of them will give the dog fanciers something to do, and in the meantime every honest man with a clear conscience will go on loving his own little dog, regardless of blemishes or dog show points.—New Orleans Picayune.

# The Social Worker.

By EDWARD WILLISTON FRENZ.

It is greatly to the credit of the young women of to-day—many of the young men, too—that many of them, when they come to the question of an occupation, approach it from the point of view not merely of income and a means of livelihood, but of usefulness and service to their fellows.

This fine spirit is now turning many young women into the field of social work, a field which is never full, and which, it is now perceived, requires a better equipment than the kind heart and willingness to work that were once considered all-sufficient.

The opportunities of the "social worker" are numerous and diverse. There are positions, subordinate and clerical, of superior and executive, in the public charitable institutions of the city and State; secretarieships of children's aid societies, the management of departments in social settlements and institutional churches, district nursing, and, indeed, almost as many other avenues of service as modern philanthropy has napped out in the heart of man.

Until lately the girl who wished to take up such work was obliged to begin without training or experience. She simply began where she could find an opening, and learned as rapidly as she could. It was seen, however, that this method gave one worker or another an opportunity to benefit by the experience of those who had gone before her, and so was wasteful.

To meet this objection a number of schools for social workers have been established, where one can fit oneself thoroughly for this work; and there are also summer schools at some of the universities where a beginning may be made. The foremost of these special schools are that which Columbia University maintains in New York City, that which Chicago University has established in the Western metropolis, and that which Simmons College and Harvard University support conjointly in Boston. The course is virtually the same in all.

Admission is open, to candidates who satisfy the directors, by their proficiency in college courses which prepare for the work, by their experience in some form of social work, or by other indication of fitness, that they are likely to profit by the opportunities offered. The fee varies as does the tuition fee in other departments of charity, correction, neighborhood work and kindred forms of social service, both under public and under private management, the charitable and correctional institutions of the city, the hospitals, public libraries and police stations, and courts are used as primary sources of information, although there is also instruction through text-books and lectures. Visits are made to local institutions, and throughout the year each student, in addition to her general work, makes a personal study of some particular field, in order to train her powers of observation and deduction.

So short an article as this has not space even to name the great diversity of subjects considered; but merely, by way of illustration, one may mention the social aspects of democracy, knowledge of standards of living, the family and ties of kinship, individual treatment of individuals, sanitary measures and housing legislation, recreation, hygiene of occupation, labor organizations, social work of the church, country outings, travelers' aid, boarding houses, drunkenness, cooking, the use of public libraries.

The graduate of one of these schools finds her work but a continuation and extension of some one of her studies. So rapidly has come the recognition of the value of classified knowledge and experience in this great field of effort that the schools for social service now act somewhat as clearing houses for vacant positions and applicants who wish to fill them.

The demand for trained and competent workers in the various public and private charities is constant, and is increasing rather than decreasing. Payment, of course, is not made upon the nature of the work and the character of the position. In the lower places, where the duties are largely clerical, the wages compare favorably with those paid to typewriters and stenographers. In positions where more initiative and executive ability are demanded the salaries are about the same as those paid to public school teachers in the grammar grades of the large cities. Heads of institutions may receive anywhere from \$2000 to \$5000 a year.

Perhaps the most attractive thing about social work is the certainty that a well-trained and competent young woman will remain long out of a position, and the feeling that the work by which one earns one's daily bread is a help to the community and a service to mankind; that one "is doing some good in the world."—Youth's Companion.

# QUESTIONING.

Two torturing questions vex my soul,  
And daily tax my self-control.  
I fight their fascination fell  
Until I feel I must comply.  
An answer willy-nilly,  
Just two there are—here's number one  
(One after that and I have done),  
Did Shakespeare ever his nose annoy,  
And did she lick her darling boy,  
And did she call him "Willie?"

But this conundrum's not the worst,  
Although I've told it to you first,  
Another question fills my brain,  
And causes me much mental strain—  
Is fairly makes me dizzy.

You've heard of Queen Elizabeth,  
Who brought about Queen Mary's death,  
Now did her father, Henry VIII,  
Let his young daughter sit up late,  
And did he call her "Lizzie?"  
—Somerville Journal.

Mother—"What's the last name of that little boy you play with?"  
Tommy—"His name's Willie. Boys don't have any 'last' names."  
—Detroit Free Press.

Jimmy—"Aw, no wonder yer kin lick me—yer two years older'n me."  
Mickey—"Well, come round when yer as old as me an' I'll lick yer den, too."  
—Judge.

"Scrubbing must intend starting a magazine." "What makes you think so?" "He told me he had a scheme to get his stuff published."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For rheumatism take a bee,  
Then get it;  
The sting is recommended, and  
You bet it  
Will either cure the pain or you'll  
Forget it.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Goodley—"Gracious! Just listen to that clergyman! I'm positive he's swearing. Evidently he's missed his vocation." Mr. Goodley—"No; I think it was his train."  
—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you ever think of your youth?" asked the first old man. "You bet I do," said No. 2. "I'm still paying interest on some debts I contracted before I was old enough to know better."  
—Detroit Free Press.

"Ruggles, I congratulate you on that bequest from your deceased uncle. You'll be able now to buy an automobile." "To buy an automobile, Ramage? Great Scott! I'll be able to keep one!"  
—Chicago Tribune.

Caller—"I'd think that your father's duties as building inspector would be awfully dangerous, going round unsafe buildings." Small Son of the House—"Oh, no; he doesn't go near 'em till after they fall down."  
—Life.

"Sunday-school Teacher—"Who can tell me the meaning of the word 'repentance'?" (A pause.) Sunday-school Teacher—"What is it that we feel after we have done something wrong?" Little Willie—"Papa's slipper."  
—Judge.

Labor had been invited to dine with Capital. "Now you see we are all equal," remarked Capital generally to his guest. "No-o," responded Labor doubtfully. "You have the advantage of knowing which fork to use."  
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Is there a man in this broad land  
Who never to a friend has said:  
"Old man, I have a remedy  
That'll cure that cold in your head?"

Assistant Editor—"Here's a poem from a fellow who is serving a two years' term in the Eastern Penitentiary." Managing Editor—"Well, print it with a footnote explaining the circumstance. It may serve as a warning to other poets."—Philadelphia Record.

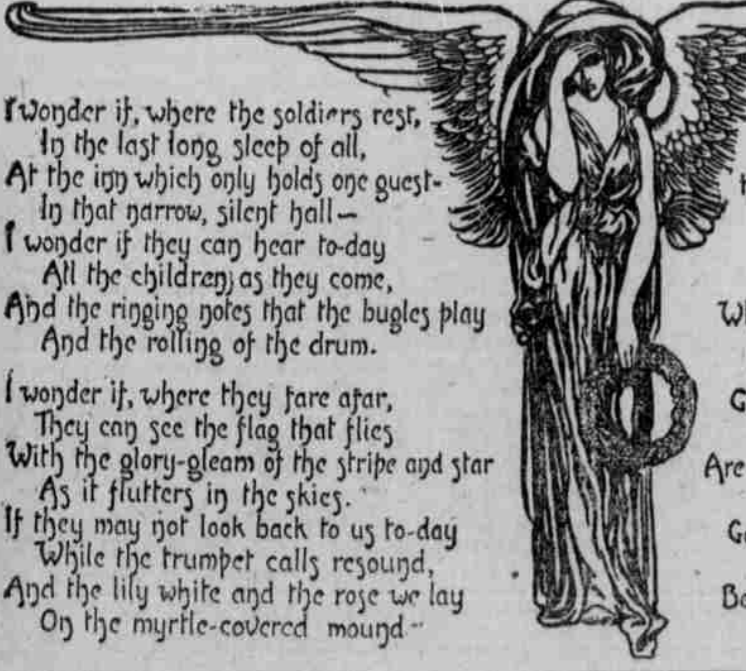
"It appears to me," remarked the tourist, "that the superficial aspect of your community is misleading as an index of its sterling basic qualities." "Stranger," said Three-finger Sam, "if you're goin' to linger around here you want to talk quicker'n that. Too many men has been accusin' others of falsifyin' an' gettin' away with it under cover of big words."  
—Washington Star.

England's Currency.  
"Clergyman," writing to the Scotsman as a victim, warns the public to beware of the cardboard threepenny pieces, sixpences, shillings, even sovereigns, that are being plentifully distributed to children by vendors of sweetmeats, etc. "Twice I have been greeted to find this 'paper money' in the church plate, and to-day, among a handful of change given to me by a shopkeeper, I discovered an apparently new but entirely worthless shilling. No one can quarrel with the ingenuity displayed in the manufacture of these 'coins.' They are absolutely perfect—to look at. It is only when the victim begins to count his money on his return home that he discovers 'weighty' reasons for rejecting them as legal tender. In my opinion, their issue should be made illegal."  
—London Globe.

When Rubber Grows Hot.  
When an automobile is running at high speed the rubber tires are rapidly warmed, and the heat sometimes becomes very great, with resultant injury to the rubber. The cause of this accumulation of heat in the tire is ascribed to the kneading of the rubber, which generates heat faster than it can be radiated away. For this reason manufacturers have found it to be an advantage to have metal parts in the tread, such as the ends of rivets, in contact with the tire because the metal, being a good radiator, helps to carry off the heat to the outer air.  
—Philadelphia Record.

How to Breathe.  
This essay was the work of a boy of nine:  
"Breath is made out of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our livers and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life going through the nose, when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get outdoors. Boys in a room make carbonic dioxide. Carbonic dioxide is the most poisonous of living things, dead or alive."  
—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

# Memorial Day



I wonder if, where the soldiers rest,  
In the last long sleep of all,  
At the inn which only holds one guest,  
In that narrow, silent hall—  
I wonder if they can hear to-day  
All the children, as they come,  
And the ringing notes that the bugles play  
And the rolling of the drum.

I wonder if, where they fare afar,  
They can see the flag that flies  
With the glory-gleam of the stripe and star  
As it flutters in the skies.  
If they may not look back to us to-day  
While the trumpet calls resound,  
And the lily white and the rose we lay  
On the myrtle-covered mound—

I wonder, too, if they hear us tell  
In the tones of love and pride,  
How they lived for us; how they fought and fell;  
How they marched away and died—  
If they do not gaze with their happy eyes  
And their rest is not more sweet  
When the mellow songs of the bugle rise  
And the drums serenely beat.

God rest them well! for a country's trust  
And a country's hope and fame  
Are shrined for aye in their hallowed dust  
And surround each soldier's name!  
God rest them well! If to-day they come  
And can see the hearts of us  
Beat glad in tune with the throbbing drum  
They their rest is glorious.

# SALE OF DISSIPATION.

Human Savagery to Be Had at Retail in Every Large City.

Take Chicago, then, not because it is worse than or different from other cities of America, but, on the contrary, because it is so typical, and because it is so well known. Why have the primary basic guarantees of civilization broken down in Chicago? Why has that city, year after year, such a flood of violent and adventurous crime? The answer can be simple and straightforward: Because of the tremendous and elaborate organization—financial and political—for creating and attracting the criminal in Chicago.

The criminal is a savage, nothing more nor less. Civilization builds up his definite, orderly rules of life—work, marriage, the constant restraint of the gross and violent impulses of appetite. The criminal simply discards these laws and slides back again along the way we came up—into license, idleness, thievery and violence. He merely lapses back into savagery.

To understand the matter of crime in great detail, the first step is to measure the positive forces working continually to produce savagery there. These forces are to-day, as they always have been, greater than can easily be imagined.

The city—from scarlet Babylon to smoky Chicago—has always been the great market place of dissipation. In the jungle you would call this thing savagery. In the city there is a new side to it. The dweller of the city—true to the instincts of city life—has made it a financial transaction. He has found it a great source of gain, of easy money.

There has grown up, therefore, a double motive in promoting it—the demand for the profit itself, and the stimulus of the great profit in providing it. You may call the sale of dissipation in the city savagery by retail. Ethically considered, this thing is hideous beyond belief; socially considered it is suicidal. But to be un-

# SALE OF DISSIPATION.

derstood and followed through intelligently it must first be considered as such. There is no other way. That is what I must recognize in describing conditions in Chicago. I must talk cold business, as the saying goes. No emotion, no squeamishness, not even sympathy; simply a statement of fact.—McClure's Magazine.

Herrings as a Sea Power.  
To-day the herring is hardly regarded as a luxury. Indeed, it is chiefly eaten by those who can afford nothing else, and yet three billion of these fish are needed to supply the annual demand. How this inexhaustible, limitless yield of the ocean has swayed the destinies of nations is strikingly set forth in an article by Harold Bote, in Ocean.

Despite the unremitting harvest by predatory man and gull and cannibalistic cod and shark, the unconquered armies of herring still continue to populate the Atlantic with multiplying hosts.

The Atlantic has been aptly called the "herring pond." Indebly associated in the past with the economic and political history of Occidental mankind, the herring seems destined to survive as one of the greatest factors in the welfare of Western nations. To-day what the wheat crop is to America the herring catch is to Northern Europe.

Few persons, even among the masses that consume fish, realize its economic importance. More than three billion herrings are captured annually, according to the latest estimate.

The weight of that annual catch is over 750,000 tons.

It would require 25,000 freight cars, each with a capacity of thirty tons, to haul the herring harvest inland from the Atlantic.

A young stick of bamboo stretching its head above the ground looks much like a stalk of asparagus. In Japan these young shoots are as much sought for food as asparagus is here.

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ceiving a reply. I wouldn't write again, because I put it in a return envelope, and as it never came back to me, I was confident you had received it.

They had now reached the business portion of the little village. In front of the drug store stood a stout, ruddy-cheeked man who stopped and introduced him as Dr. Wardell. "I was just coming to call upon you, Eloise. I have got a confession to make. My wife got out my overcoat to-day to see if the moths were not inhabiting it, and in a pocket she found this letter addressed to you. I remember now when your mother was sick last winter, your father telephoned me one day to stop at the postoffice and get his mail on my way to the house. I got several letters from your box and this must have slipped down in the lining." He handed her the long-delayed letter.

"I am so glad," murmured Haverly, looking tenderly into the soft eyes of the smiling girl, when they had walked on a few steps, "that you said you believed me before it was proven to you."

And the next letter she received from Leonard Haverly came duly to hand—and heart.—American Agriculturist.

# SALE OF DISSIPATION.

turn, her mother's illness had absorbed all her thoughts, although she had penned him the little note as she had promised. After the convalescence she had eagerly gone to the postoffice day after day, but the letter in the longed-for handwriting never came.

Despite her lack of interest in her personal appearance to-night, she had never looked prettier than when she came down to the dining-room to see that the table was properly set. In the meantime, the U. S. R. post and a band were assembled at the depot awaiting the coming of the train and their distinguished guest. The train brought but one passenger for Ashley Hill, a beardless boy with square shoulders and military bearing, who looked with much astonishment at the multitude.

"I didn't suppose Ashley Hill boasted of so large a population," he thought.

Just then he was accosted by Capt. Candler. "Say, young man, do you happen to know if the assistant quartermaster general was on your train?"

"Well, I guess I do!" was the reply, accompanied by a hearty laugh. "I am the assistant quartermaster general. Are you the commander of the post who talked over the 'phone with me?"

"That's me. You must excuse me. You gave your title as colonel and I got you set down in my mind as a Civil War veteran. You see we old soldiers are quite apt to forget the young blood."

The assistant quartermaster general gave another of his inspiring laughs. "I am colonel by virtue of my office as assistant quartermaster general, and I am assistant quartermaster general by virtue of being a National Guard officer and a hustling politician."

"Well, it's a good one on me,"

# SALE OF DISSIPATION.

quartermaster general, papa?" inquired his daughter Eloise, a pretty, fair-haired girl of nineteen.

"That's a good idea, Eloise," he said. "I'll go down to the office now and jerk them up down there."

In the course of two hours he returned flushed and wearied, but jubilant. "I called up the capt," he said, "and I got the assistant quartermaster-general. I interested him, train and come right down here. He'll stay with us, of course, till we go into camp, so, ma, you want to prepare for him."

"What's his name?" asked Mrs. Candler. "I couldn't catch it over the phone. He's colonel, though. I didn't get his regiment, either."

Mrs. Candler went to assist her "help" in the preparation of supper. First, however, she bade Eloise go and don one of her pretty white gowns.

"Oh mother, what's the use?" Eloise had protested. "He's some old soldier with a host of war stories who won't know a calico from a flimsy."